His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate his oath, or what beſides
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
Their power I geſſe them fifty thouſand ſtrong.
Now if the helpe of Norfolke and my ſelfe,
Can but amount to eight and forty thouſand,
With all the friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Among the louing Welſhmen canſt procure,
Why via, to London will we march amaine,
And once againe beſtride our foming Steeds,
And once againe cry, Charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I now methinkes I heare great *Warwicke* ſpeake:
Nere may he liue to ſee a Sunſhine day,
That cries retire, when *Warwicke* bids him ſtay.

Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, on thy ſhoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, muſt Edward fall:
Which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree is, Englands royall King;
And King of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd,
In euery burrough as we paſſe along:
And he that caſts not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the offence make forfeite of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect theſe reſolutions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Duke of Norfolke ſends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puiſſant power,
And craues your company for ſpeedy counſell.

War. Why then it ſorts braue Lords.
Let's march away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter